

To my dearest Nam

For the past year I've had the pleasure to share my trust self with you, a man I had met online who I didn't think could possibly have a relationship with for at the time I was in a dark place and remained there for a long long time and this reflected in the way I showed love to you, my friends and myself and yet despite the trouble I was in and the problems that arose by virtue of my ADHD or my paradoxical fear of both the consequences of my inaction and my avoidant behaviors. For all of this I am sorry. Nam, I love you more than words can describe but I'll try.

Each day that I get up, fight through the hardships of life, and make progress towards a better tomorrow I do it in your name. In our relationship I have found self-worth and a reason to move forward with the end goal being a life with you. I want to be a smart, available, stable and thoughtful partner for you more than anything.

Because of this the things you have said to me,
from your fear to your hopes and most importantly
your expectations for me. You never told me
about your fears for it has not been written down.

All the promises I made I intend to deliver on
them to ensure that we continue to move
forward with the end goal in mind. Besides,
I hope that I can make everything up to you
soon. From the packing to the trinkets
to the therapy improvements I have been
actively working towards it.

I wish I could gift you artwork or
trinkets but I have been too busy and tired
from myself BUT I calculated that the
funds for Vietnam will be secured by
June. Beyond that I have many things to
send you soon that I had planned since
December. But to end things on a positive
note: I got the OK to go see you, I'm
starting to get help with my ADHD and
I have the means of sending you stuff

Nam Nguyen, my dearest. I care you more than I care
life. I'm not afraid at loving you, I have learned to open
up to you in the ways that matter and I know what
I must do for us. Thank you for saving me, I love
you more. I also know you like hand written letters
so I wrote all this down on the train. I miss you,
your hazel eyes, soft light skin, gentle voice, firm
voice, the way you are, how you shall love
me and how you were there for me when I had
no one. The sorrow I did to see your was
worth it. Whether I'm in Toronto, Saigon or
elsewhere I would follow you to the ends
of the earth and I mean that. I care you,

Joyeux anniversaire, see you sooner than
expected... keep me in your mailbox.. :)